

Miscellany.

THE TWO ISABELS. OR COQUETISH SEVENTEEN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Oh, love, love, love!—love is like a dizziness,
It will not let a poor man go about his business.
And are those follies going,
And is my poor heart growing
Too cold, or wise, for woman's eyes
Again to set it glowing?—Moose.

The General put on his spectacles, and looked steadily at Isabel for at least two minutes. "Turn your head," he said, at last—"there, to the left."

Isabel Montford, although an acknowledged beauty, was as amiable as she was admired; she had also a keen appreciation of character, and, though somewhat piqued, was amused by the oddity of her aunt's old lover. The General was a fine example of the well-preserved person and manners of the past century; beauty always recognizes beauty as a distinguished relative; and Isabel turned her head, to render it as attractive as it could be.

The General smiled, and after gazing for another minute with evident pleasure, he said—"Do me the favor to keep that attitude, and walk across the room."

Isabella did so with much dignity; she certainly was exceedingly handsome;—her step light, but firm; her figure, admirably poised; her head, well and gracefully placed; her features, finely formed; her eyes and smile, bright and confiding. She would have been more captivating had her dress been less studied than classic. The gentleman muttered something, in which the words, "charming," and "to be regretted," only met her ear; then he spoke distinctly:

"You solicited my candor, young lady—you challenged comparison between you and your coquetry, and the passing belles whom I have seen. Now, be so kind as to walk out of the room, re-enter, and curtsy."

Had Isabel Montford been an uneducated young lady, she might have flounced out of *salon*, in the obedience to her displeasure, which was very decided—but as it was, she drew herself to her full height, and swept through the folding doors. The General took a very large pinch of snuff—"That is so perfectly a copy of poor aunt!" he murmured;—"just so would she pass onward, like a ruffled swan; she went after that exact fashion into the ante-room, when she refused me, for the fourth time, thirty-five years ago."

The young Isabel re-entered, and curtsied. The gentleman seated himself, leaned his hands upon the head of his beautiful inlaid cane—which he carried rather for show than use—and said, "Young lady, you look a divinity! Your *countenance* is perfection; but your *curtesy* is frightful! A dip, a bob, a bend, a shuffle, a slide, a canter—neither dignified, graceful, nor self-possessed! A curtesy is in grace what an *adagio* is in music;—only masters of the art can execute either the one or the other. Why, the beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire could not have saved her reputation as a graceful woman, if she had dared such a curtesy as that."

"I assure you, sir," remonstrated the offended Isabel, "that Madame Miesau—" "What do I care for the woman?" exclaimed the General, indignantly. "Have I no memory?"

"Can you not teach me?" said Isabel, amused and interested by his earnestness. "Teach you!—I! No; the courtesies which captivated thousands in my youth were more an inspiration than an art. The very queen of *belles*, in the present day, cannot curtsy."

"Could my aunt?" inquired Isabel, a little sadly.

"Your aunt, Miss Montford, was grace itself. Ah! there are no such women now-a-days!"

And, after the not very flattering observation, the General moved to the piano. Isabel's brows contracted and her cheeks flushed; however, she glanced at the looking-glass, was comforted, and smiled. He raised the cover, placed the seat with the grave gallantry of an old courtier, and invited the young lady to play. She obeyed, to do her justice, with prompt politeness; she was not without hope that there, at least, the old gentleman would confess she was triumphant. Her white hands, gemmed with jewels, flew over the keys like winged seraphs; they bewildered the eye by the rapidity of their movements.—The instrument thundered, but the thunder was so continuous that there was no echo! The contrast will come by-and-by; thought the disciple of the old school—"there must be some shadow to throw up the lights."

Thunder-crash—thunder-crash—drum rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backward and forward of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning! Another crash—louder—a great deal of crossing hands—violent strides from one end of the instrument to the other—prodigious displays of strength on the part of the fair performer—a terrific shake!

"What desperate exertions!" thought the General; and all to produce a soulless noise." Then followed a fearful banditti of notes—another crash, louder and more prolonged than the rest; and she looked up with a triumphant smile—a smile con-

veying the same idea as the pause of an opera dancer after a most wonderful pirouette.

"Do you keep a tuner in the house, my dear young lady?" inquired the General. If a look could have annihilated, he would have crumbled into ashes; but he only returned it with admiration, thinking, "How astonishingly like her aunt, when she refused me the second time!"

"And that is fashionable music, Miss Montford? I have lived so long out of England, only hearing the music of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, I was not aware that noise was substituted for power, and that execution had banished expression. Dear me!—why, the piano is vibrating at this moment! Poor thing! how long does a piano last you, Miss Montford?"

Isabel was losing her temper, when fortunately her aunt—still Miss Vere—came to the rescue. The lovers of thirty years past, would have met any where else as strangers. The once rounded and queen-like form of the elder Isabel was short of its grace and beauty; of all her attributes, of all her attractions, dignity only remained; and it was that high-bred, innate dignity which can never be acquired, and is never forgotten. She had not lost the eighth of an inch of her height, and her gray hair was braided in full folds over her fair but wrinkled brow. Isabel Montford looked so exactly what Isabel Vere had been, that General Gordon was sorely perplexed; Isabel Vere, if truth must be told, had taken extra pains with her dress; her niece had met the General the night before, and her likeness to her aunt had so recalled the past, that his promised visit to his old sweetheart (as he still called her) had fluttered and agitated her more than she thought it possible an interview with any man could do; she quarreled with her beautiful gray hair, she cast off her black velvet dress disdainfully, and put on a blue *Moire antique*. (She remembered how much the captain—no the General, once admired blue.) She was not coquette; even gray hair at fifty-five does not cure coquetry where it has existed in all its strength; but for the sake of her dear niece, she wished to look as well as possible. She wondered why she had so often refused "poor Gordon." She had been all her life of too delicate a mind to be a husband-hunter, too well satisfied with her position to calculate how it could be improved, and yet, she did not hesitate to confess to herself that now, in the commencement of old age, however vibrant it might be, she should have been happier, of more consequence, of more value as a married woman. She had to much good sense, and good taste, to belong to the class of discontented females, consisting of husbandless and childless women, who seek to establish laws at war with the laws of the Almighty; so, if her heart did beat a little still, and sundry passages passed through her brain in connection with her old adored, and what the future might be—she may be forgiven, and will be, by those not strong minded women who understand enough of the waywardness of human nature to know that, if young heads and old hearts are sometimes found together, so are young hearts and old heads. The young laugh to scorn the idea of Cupid and a crutch, but Cupid has strange vagaries, and at any moment can barb his crutch with the point of an arrow.

"The old people," as Isabel Montford irreverently called them that evening, did not get on well together; they were in a great degree disappointed one with the other. They stood up to dance the *minuet de la cour*, and Isabel Vere languished and swam as she had never done before; but the General wandered how stiff she was, and hoped that he was not as ill used by time as Mistress Isabel Vere had been. At first Isabel Montford thought it "good fun," to see the antiquities bowing and curtsying, but she became interested in the lingering courtliness of the little scene, trembled lest her aunt should appear ridiculous, and then wondered how she could have refused such a man as General Gordon must have been.

Days and weeks flew fast; the General became a constant visitor in the square, and the heart of Isabel Vere had never been so loudly at twenty as it did at fifty-and-five; nothing, she thought, could be more natural than that the General should recall the days of his youth, and seek the friendship and companionship of her who had never married, while he—faithless man!—had been guilty of two wives during his "services in India." It was impossible to tell which of the ladies he treated with the most attention. Isabel Montford took an especial delight in tormenting him, and he was sinical enough towards her at times. Although he frankly abused her piano-forte-playing, yet he evidently preferred it to the music Miss Vere practiced so indefatigably to please him or to the songs she sung, in a voice which from a high "soprano," had been crushed by time into a "mezzo." He somehow forgot to find fault with Miss Montford's dancing, and more than once became her partner in quadrille. It was evident, that while the General was growing young, Miss Vere remained "as she was." Isabel Montford amused herself at his expense, but he did not—quick-sighted and man of the world though he was—perceive it. At first he was remarkably fond of recalling and dating

events, and dwelling upon the grace, and beauty, and interest, and advantage, of whatever was past and gone—much to the occasional pain of Isabel Vere, who, gentle-hearted as she was, would have assigned dates to the bottomless pit; latterly, however, he talked a good deal more of the present than of the past, and greatly to the annoyance of younger men, fell into the duties of escort to both ladies,—accompanying them to places of public promenade and amusement.

On such occasions, Miss Isabel Vere looked either earnest or bashful—yes positively bashful; and Miss Isabel Montford, brimfull of as much mischief as a lady could delight in. At times, the General laid aside his conical observations, together with his cane, which was not even replaced by an umbrella; to confess the truth, he had experienced several symptoms of heart disease, which, though they made him restless and uncomfortable, brought hopes and aspiration of life, rather than fears of death.

One morning, Isabel Montford and the General were alone in the *salon* where this little scene first opened.

"Our difference has never been settled yet," she exclaimed, gaily; you have never proved to me the superiority of the Old school over the New."

"Simply because of your superiority to both," he replied.

"I do not perceive the point of the answer," said the young lady. "What has my superiority over both to do with the question?"

The General arose and shut the door. "Do you think you could listen to me seriously for five minutes?" he said.

"Listening is always serious work," she answered. He took her hand within his; she felt it was the hand of age; the bones and sinews pressed on her soft palm with an earnest pressure.

"Isabel Montford—could you love an old man?"

She raised her eyes to his, and wondered at the light which filled them:—"Yes," she answered, "I could love an old man dearly; I could confide to him the dearest secret of my heart."

"And your heart, your heart itself? Such things have been, sweet Isabel." His hand was very hard, but she did not withdraw hers.

"No, not that, because—because I have not my heart to give." She spoke rapidly, and with emotion. "I have it not to give, and I have so longed to tell you my secret! You have such influence with my aunt, you have been so affectionate, so like a father to me that if you would only intercede with her, for him and me, I know she could not refuse. I have often—often thought of entreating this, and now it was so kind of you to ask, if I could love an old man, giving me the opportunity of showing that I do, by confiding in you, and asking your intercession."

The room became misty to the General's eyes, and the rattle of a battle-field sounded in his ears, and beat upon his heart.

"And pray, Montford," he said, after a pause, "who may he be?"

"Ah, you do not know him!—my aunt forbade the continuance of our acquaintance the day before I had the happiness to meet you. It was most fortunate I wooed you to call upon her, thinking—" (looked up at his fine face, whose very wrinkles were aristocratic, and smiled her most bewitching smile) "thinking the presence of the only man she ever loved would soften her, and hoping that I should one day be privileged to address you as my friend, my uncle!" And she kissed his hand.

"It really was hard to bear. 'I have heard her say,' persisted young lady, 'that when prompted by evil counsel, she refused you, she loved you, and since your return she only lives in your presence.' The General wondered if this was true, and thought he would not give the young beauty a triumph. He was recovering his self-possession. 'I remembered your admiration of passing belles, and felt how kindly you tolerated me, for my aunt's sake; and surely you will aid me in a matter upon which my happiness of that poor dear fellow depends.' She bent her beautiful eyes on the ground.

"And who is the poor dear fellow?" inquired the General, in a singularly husky voice.

"Henry Mandeville," half-whispered Isabel, "Oh, is it not a beautiful name? the initials on those lovely handkerchiefs you gave me will still do I.N."

"A son of old Admiral Mandeville's?" "The youngest son," she sighed, "that is my aunt's objection, were he the eldest, he is such a fine fellow—such a hero—lost a leg at Cabool, and received I don't know how many stars from those horrid Afghans."

"Lost a leg?" repeated the General, with an approving glance at his own; "why he can never dance with you."

"No, but he can admire my dancing, and does not think my curtsy a dip, a shuffle, a bob, a bob, a slide, a canter! Ah! dear General, I was always perfection in his eyes."

"By the immortal duke," thought the General, "the young divinity is laughing at me."

"My aunt only objects to his want of money; now I have abundance for both; and your recommendation, dear sir, at the Horse Guards, would at once place him in some position of honor and of prof-

it; and even if it were abroad, I could leave my dear aunt with the consciousness that her happiness is secured by you, dear guardian angel that you are. Ah! sir, at your time of life you can have no idea of our feelings."

Oh, yes, I have!" sighed the General.

"Bless you!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I thought you would recall the days of your youth and feel for us; and when you see my dear Harry!"

"With a cork leg!" "Ay, or with two cork legs—you will I know be convinced that my happiness is as secure as your own."

"Women are riddles, one and all!" said the General, "and I should have known that before."

"Oh! do not say such cruel things and disappoint me, depending as I have been on your kindness and affection. Hark!" she continued, "I hear my aunt's footsteps, now dear—dear General, reason coolly with her—my very existence depends on it. If you only knew him! Promise, do promise, that you will use your influence, all-powerful as it is, to save my life."

She raised her beautiful eyes, swimming in unshed tears, to his; she called him her uncle, her dear noble hearted friend; she rested her snowy hand lovingly, imploringly on his shoulders, and even murmured a hope that, her aunt's consent once gained, it might not be impossible to have the two weddings on the same day.

The General may have dreaded the banter of sundry members of the "Senior United Service Club," who had already jested much at his devotion to the two Isabels, he may have felt a generous desire to make two young people happy, and his good sense doubtless suggested that sixty-five and seventeen bear a strong affinity to January and May, he certainly did himself honor, by adopting the interest of a brave young officer as his own, and avoided the banter of "the club," by pledging his three-fold vows to his "old love," the same bright morning that his "now love" gave her heart and hand to Henry Mandeville.

The Broken Hearted.

About two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village, in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a young lady apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadow of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the presence of the mother. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweet flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautiful and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with floating unearthly grace that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away in the air, like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that the gaiety was but a mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times passed heavily down as if struggling to repress the agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the singing of the breeze that lingers for a time around the bed of withered roses, and then dies for very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its surface, and then sink into mere nothingness and darkness. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud came over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold the festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affliction to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of the earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence.—George D. Prentice.

An editor observes that "it is a solemn thing to be married." Another replies that "it is a great deal more solemn not to be."

MARKETING.—Marketing of all kinds, remarkably scarce—vegetables pretty much out of the question. Potatoes, a good article not to be had.

Poetry.

WORK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind,
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil on—Man's heritage is Time!
Toil on!

Work on and win!
Life without work is unenjoyed;
The happiest are the best employed—
Work moves and molds the mightiest birth,
Grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on!

Work sows the seed;
Even the rock may yield its flower,—
No lot so hard, but human power,
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer fate, and capture fame!
Press on!

Press onward still,
In Nature's center lives the fire,
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through fathoms deep of mold and clay
It splits the rock that bars its way!
Press on!

If Nature then
Lay fame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?
Thus Man, though granite Fate, must find,
The path—the upward path—of Mind!
Work on!

Pause not in fear;
Preach no desponding, servile view,
Whate'er thou wilt thy Will may do
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend!
Toil on!

Be firm of heart
By fusion of unnumber'd years
A continent its vastness rears!
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear,
Toil on, and Nature's conquest share!
Toil on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed;
Harmonies beauty prompts thy breast—
Things angels love, and God hath blest!
Work on!

Work on and win!
Shall light from Nature's depths arise,
And though, whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with Fate, an idle rail?
No onward! Let the Truth prevail
Work on!

THE BIRTH AND HISTORY OF "SAM."
—The Rev. Mr. Brooke delivered a lecture at Georgetown, D. C., on the Temporal power of the Pope, in reply to Father Bernard Maguire. At its close, he said he did not know "Sam," but he thought he knew his history. "Sam" was born in the garden of Eden; when the world was deluged, he rode out the flood with Noah in the ark; he was present at the building of the tower of Babel; he wandered with the children of Israel in the wilderness; he was with Miriam in the inspired song and dance; he blew the loudest ram's horn trumpet when the walls of Jericho fell; he clothed John the Baptist, and was with him on the banks of the river; he held up the chains of Paul when he reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come before Agrippa. He had a hard time with the Popes and the Inquisition, but it was he who pointed the young Luther to the dust covered Bible on the neglected shelves of the old monastery; he brought that Bible with him across the ocean, in the Mayflower; he laid the corner stone of the first Protestant church in the colonies; and it was he who so stirred up the old and the young, the rich and poor, high and low, in the oppressed colonies, that even the mountain boys knew that "Sam was about." He introduced Patrick Henry to the nation in the Virginia House of Burgesses, when he with his soul overflowing with the purest patriotism, and his voice clothed with the power of thunder, gave utterance to those immortal words, still echoing in our ears.—"Give me Liberty or give me Death."

THE TRENCHES AND THE GUARDS.—The guard of the trenches before Sebastopol is kept up by divisions. Each division remains on duty twenty-four hours, without counting the time necessary to go and return. They thus pass one night in three, in a hole or ditch full of water, where it is impossible to light a fire to keep of the cold. With the back resting against the gabions, the feet on a pile of stones; the hands ready to seize their muskets, without scarcely seeing each other, officers and men contend against sleep, hold themselves always ready for action at the cry of the sentinels. It is a grand spectacle of military heroism on permanence. The besieging army has dug twenty kilometers into the rock, it defends its works with stubbornness, under a continual shower of projectiles against an enemy hid behind walls and in ravines, continually reinforced in personnel and in material. Alma required three hours unermann one day, the siege of Sebastopol, will in all probability require many months.

There is an old lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the mud gutter, she dries their feet by the fire to keep them from catching cold.

A locomotive on one of the principal railroads has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

Bare-faced falsehood—fibs told by the ladies, in the present style of bonnets.

CHANGE OF TIME.
Steuenville and Indiana Railroad.
ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th. Trains will be run daily (except Sundays) as follows:
THE EXPRESS TRAIN.
Leaves Steuenville at 7:00 A. M.
Arrives at Newark at 3:00 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leaves Newark at 11:15 A. M.
Arrives at Steuenville at 7:15 P. M.
THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.
Leaves Steuenville at 6:15 P. M.
Arrives at Cadiz at 4:30 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leaves Cadiz at 7:30 A. M.
Arrives at Steuenville at 3:50 A. M.
THE FREIGHT TRAIN.
Leaves Steuenville at 5:30 A. M., and arrives same place at 6:00 P. M. Leaves Newark at 5:45 A. M., and arrives same place at 5:00 P. M. Passengers by the Express train connect at Newark with trains for Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Mt. Vernon, Mansfield, Shelby, Cleveland, Monroeville, Sandusky, and Chicago.
By this arrangement, there are seven miles of staging, which will be continued for a few days, until the track is laid into Newark.
ISRAEL PEMBERTON,
Jan. 4, 1855. Superintendent.

New Fall and Winter Goods.
OPENING THIS DAY AT G. & J. SCOTT'S. 30 pieces French merinoes, all shades, fine quality, at 87½¢ to \$1; 50 ps. Co. burg cloth 6-4 wide 31 to 62½¢, 50 ps. black and colored Alpaca from 15 to 75, plain colored all wool delaines 37½¢; 55 ps. black and colored dress and mantle silks from 62½¢ to \$1.50. French and Scotch plaids entirely new styles, prints, printed delaines &c. 75 cartons of bonnet ribbons, the largest and richest stock ever brought to the city. 10 cartons plain and fancy trimmings, velvet do., silk, galoon and lace gim trimmings, &c. French and Scotch bonnets, silks and velvets. Bonnets of all the latest fall styles.
The subscribers have no hesitancy in saying that they are now opening the richest and cheapest lot of goods ever offered in this market.
Jan. 1, 1855. G. & J. SCOTT.

The State of Ohio, }
Jefferson county, ss. } Pleas in and for
Nancy Blackburn, } Jefferson co., O.
vs. } Petition for Divorce
John L. Blackburn. }
THE Defendant will take notice that the Plaintiff will take the depositions of sundry witnesses, to be read in evidence on the trial of said cause, before competent authority, at the Post office, in the town of Moundsville, in Ohio County, State of Virginia, on Friday, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1855, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. of said day; to be continued from day to day, between the same hours, until they are completed.
JAN. 25, 1855. MILLER & SHERARD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

A. H. DOHRMAN & CO.
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS. for the sale of Flour, Grain, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Wool, Seeds, Dried Fruits, Salt, Nails, Window Glass, Merchandise and Produce in general, Steuenville, Ohio.
Frazier & Drennon, Steuenville, O.
H. H. Collins, Pittsburgh, Penn.
Wm. Holmes & Co., do.
Hoxea & Frazier, Cincinnati, Jan. 11, '55.

Notice to Shippers.
TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF S. & I. R. CO.,
A FREIGHT TRAIN is now running to Hanover, leaving this Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Shipments to all stations, except Unionport, Cadiz, Fairview and New Market, must be prepaid, and all freight delivered at the depot between the hours of 7 a. m. and 5 p. m. No freight will be received or delivered after 7 o'clock p. m.
JAN. 4, 1855. LAFAYETTE DEVENY, General Freight Agent.

Thatcher & Kerlin.
MERCHANT TAILORS, Third St., second door below Market, Steuenville, Ohio. Keep constantly on hand a good supply of order, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings. Also Suspenders, Gloves, Shirts, Cravats, Hosiery, and Furnishing Goods generally. If Orders respectfully solicited.
JAN. 1, '55.

GROCERY AND FEED STORE.
THE subscribers have on hand, and intend keeping on hand a good supply of Corn, Oats and Mill feed. Also a good supply of Groceries, generally kept in grocery establishments. South west corner of Fourth and Adams street, Steuenville Ohio.
JAN. 1, 1855. MEKLE AND STARK.

FOR RENT.
A STORE ROOM AND DWELLING House, on the corner of Fourth and Adams streets, formerly occupied by John Powell. Possession given on the 1st of April. The store room and dwelling house, will be rented together or separately. For terms apply to
JAN. 1, 1855—J. MOODY & ELLIOTT.

NORTON HOTEL.
FORMERLY BLACK BEAR HOUSE
South Fourth street, Steuenville, Ohio.—T. D. HAMILTON, Proprietor. The above named House is situated midway between the Steamboat Landing and Railroad Depot, rendering it a convenient stopping place for travelers and others visiting the city.
JAN. 1, '55.

Marble Establishment.
SOUTH FOURTH ST., STEUVEN-
VILLE, Ohio.—All kinds of Marble Work done to order. On hand at all times, Water Lino, Plaster Paris, and the best quality of Grind Stones.
JAN. 1, 1855. L. BORLAND.

J. C. MCLEARY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Warrenton, Ohio, will carefully attend to all business entrusted to him in the counties of Jefferson, Harrison and Belmont, in the State of Ohio, and Broad and Ohio counties, Va. Office opposite the Western Hotel.
January 1, 1855.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE,
By REV. T. H. STOCKTON.
THIS highly interesting book contains 420 pages, neatly executed, with Small Pica type, on fine paper, 18mo. Price—\$1.50; 1 in sheep, \$1.25; in half morocco \$1.50. A liberal discount given to agents and book-sellers, by
A. H. ENGLISH & CO.,
Jan. 1, 1855. No. 78, Wood st. Pitt's Ca.

JOHN A. BINGHAM. W. R. LLOYD.
BINGHAM & LLOYD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office at the corner of Third and Market streets, opposite the Court House, Steuenville, Ohio.
January 1, 1855.

JOHN SHANE. JAMES M. SHANE.
J. & J. M. SHANE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW; will promptly attend to all business entrusted to them. Office, Kilgore buildings, Market Street, Steuenville Ohio.
January 1, 1855.

Wesley Starr & Sons,
TOBACCO AND GENERAL COM-
MISSION MERCHANTS, No. 4 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, attend to the sales of Tobacco and all kinds of Western Produce, Provisions, &c., &c.
JAN. 1, '55.

DOCTOR LOUIS A. HENSSLER,
GERMAN and English Physician.—Office corner of Third and Dock streets, Steuenville, Ohio.
JAN. 1, 1855.

W. CUL GASTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Steuenville, Ohio. Refers to Hon. Wilson Shannon, Hon. Wm. Kennan, sr., Hon. Ben. S. Swan, and Hon. T. L. Jewett. Office on Market st. below Third street.
JAN. 1, '55.

NEW GOODS.
J. ALLEN has just received a new supply of French Merinoes; Coburgs; Cashmeres; Thibet Cloths, silk warp; figured and plain Alpaca; Bombazines; all wool; plain and figured De Laines; Green Silks; plain, figured and fancy; all colors; Ladies' Cloaks and Mantillas, a beautiful assortment; long and square Shawls; woollen, Thibet, Cashmere, Silk and Delaine Shawls; large assortment Prints; Bonnets and Ribbons; Irish Linens; Linen Table Cloths; French Table and Piano Covers; woollen, cotton and silk Hosiery and Gloves; Vests; Embroideries; plain and cross-barred Mullins; Cambrics, &c.; Tickings; Towelling; Blankets; Flannels; Linsey; broad and narrow; Cravats; Mouslin; ladies and men's Shoes; Gimps, Fringes, silk Laces and dress Trimmings; men and boys' Caps; Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, Tweeds, a good assortment.
3800 yards CARPETING, at all prices.
The above Goods, and a host of others too numerous to mention, will be sold wholesale or retail very low for cash, at the store of
J. ALLEN,
Corner Third street, adjoining the Court House, Steuenville, Ohio.
Jan. 1, '55.

Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manu-
factury, Wholesale and Retail.
NO. 137, Market street, opposite Wash-
ington Hall.—The undersigned would respectfully announce to their customers and the public generally, that they have now in store a large and splendid assortment of Saddlery, comprising the following articles:—plain and fancy Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Harness, Trunks, Collars, Whips, Lashes, &c., &c., manufactured of the best material, by the most experienced workmen. Also, Mattresses of various kinds, made to order on the shortest notice. Dealers in the above articles are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing, satisfied that we can accommodate on the most reasonable terms all cases.
WM. McLAUGHLIN & SON,
Steuenville, Jan. 1, 1855.—6m

Sevastopol Not Taken!
FEIST, Market street, has in store an
excellent assortment of CONFECTION-
ERIES, &c., purchased expressly for this market: Raisins by the pound or crate; Currants, blue brands; Currants; Candies; Dates; Prunes; Lemons; Figs; Citron; Gum Drops; Know Nothings; Jenny Lind Drops; Cakes of all kinds; Nuts of all kinds; Fruits; Fire Crackers; Torpedoes, &c. Parties furnished with Pound, Fruit, Lady Cakes and Ice Cream.
Great inducements offered to Country Merchants and others, who wish to purchase by the quantity. For bargains in Confectioneries, call at
JAN. 1, '55. Market st. M. FEIST.

J. R. SLACK & CO.
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS and
PAPER DEALERS, Market street, above Fourth, south side, Steuenville, Ohio, keep constantly on hand and for sale, a large and well selected stock of Miscellaneous and School BOOKS; Stationery and Fancy Stationery; Writing and Wrapping PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, &c., &c., all of which they will sell on the most favorable terms at wholesale or retail.
Country merchants and other dealers will be supplied at very low wholesale prices.
J. R. S. & Co. are prepared to furnish the best American Magazines, as early as they can be received by mail. They also keep on hand a choice supply of SHEET MUSIC. Jan. 1, '55.

M'DOWELL & CO.
Bookellers, Stationers, Paper Dealers, Blank
Book Manufacturers and Book Binders,
DEALERS at Wholesale and Retail, in
School, Classical, Medical, Theological, Miscellaneous, and Blank Books, Ruled and Plain Cap, Post and Note Papers, Printing and Wrapping Papers, Wall Papers and Borders, School, Counting House and Fancy Stationery. Merchants and others desiring to purchase, will do well to call and examine our stock. The highest market price paid for Rags.
JAN. 1, 1855. M'DOWELL & CO.,
North side of Market, above Fourth street, Steuenville, Ohio.